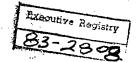
27 May 1983



Mr. William J. Casey Director Central Intelligenc Agency Washington, DC 20505

Dear Mr. Casey,

I remember the day John Kennedy died. Though it's twenty years ago, my memory of November 22, 1963, is still clear and painful. I was in high school in Austin, Texas. I was excited about getting out of class early to watch President Kennedy's parade up Congress Avenue to the Capitol that afternoon.

Between classes, though, the rumor spread that he had been shot. Still, it had to be a cruel joke. Nobody would do such a thing. But we knew soon enough that it was true. Mr. Kennedy was dead. They let us out of school early anyway, and my best friend and I walked aimlessly through the streets. The two of us ended up walking silently down Congress Avenue, the broad street that John Kennedy should have been riding along, the street we should have been standing on to watch and wave.

None of us who remember will ever, I think, quite recover from the sorrow and shame of that day. It changed all of us.

I am now writing an article about that day. The article is important, I think, because it is a day we should not forget. Could you help me? Could you take a few minutes to tell me what you were doing when you heard that John Kennedy was dead, and how it has affected you?

I would very much appreciate your taking a small amount of time to answer this question. I know you are very busy, but I think your answer would particularly contribute to the article's substance and quality.

Thank you in advance for taking this time.

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